Eight Poems

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1.

Never mind
I want
To drop the issue

Today
The internet
Filled me with
Outrages

But, I was
A damn fool
Who went off
The edge

Information windows
Eyes staring
At a screen

Becoming
Mesmerized

I felt
Some of my humanity
Being carried off
By the wind

I sought out
Too much
Knowledge

And for a moment
I was blinded
By the whole process
Of this dimension

The world
Is about
To change

We'll all be
Connected

To the collective
Cyber
Subconscious

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2.

Tonight
I drink words
Not beers

And it is better
For me
It is more alive

It is more favored
By my muse

Tonight
I drink words
And I see the moon
As an oasis

Words
Reveal to me
Their auras

Words flood me
With their alchemy

Words liberate me
From a stupor

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3.

New
Alchemies
Of the Sun

Reproduced
In booklet form

In the valley
If the iris

This is
Golden
Before
Our eyes

By pressing
Sea shells
To our ears

We will hear
The lost fleet

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4.

Take time away
From your meditations

Gaze upon
Forest
And mountains
Reaching towards
Serenity

Sometimes
The last light
Of the night
Is the first
Of the dawn

How will
They reach us
If we're gone

The telegraph wires
Will span
Across centuries

We'll drink
To the years
Immortalized

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5.

Yes
Yes
Yes

Best of all
Moonlit
Lagoons

To go
Think about
Dharma
Or riddles
Or electric boundaries

To see beyond
The illusion

Each moment
Is a creation

Some of these streets
With gas lights
Illuminate

Those who cross
To the edge
Of these moments

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6.

A bleak grey sky
Over us
Again

Winter has stayed
Anchored
Like a scoop

We do not
Always know
When to sleep
Or awaken

Deceiving moon
Upon your illusions
Upon your stillness
Your silence
I rest
These thoughts
Of weariness

I forget
If we are enlightened

I forget
If we are
Evolved

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7.

There are
Heavy things
To think about
Things
That create
Oceanic storms
Within the mind

There are things
That are far too
Mysterious
Things
That wither vines
And leave them
On our doorstep

There are things
That create
Punctures
In gravity

There are things
That remind us
Of isolation

In all this vastness
In this whole
Exile of vastness

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8.

Drifting
Down
To where
The avalanche
Came
To rest

To rest
Bottom
Of a mountain

To rest
Under radio
Broadcast
Filling the ether
With remnants
Of civilization

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